may be, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were iuſtly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate, my deriuation was from anceſtors who ſtood equiuolent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſeruitude, I wil deſiſt, but there is ſomething glowes vpon my cheek, and whiſpers in mine eare, Goe not till he ſpeake,

Per. My fortunes parentage, good parentage to equall mine; was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaide, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do thinke ſo, pray you turne your eyes vpon me, y'are like ſome-thing that, what Country-women heare of theſe ſhewes?

Mar. No nor of any ſhewes, yet I was mortally brought foorth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhall deliuer weeping: my dearеſt wife was like this maide, and ſuch a one my daughter might haue beene: my Queenes ſquare browes, her ſtature to an inch, as wand-like ſtraite, as ſiluer voyc'ſt, her eyes as iewell-like, and caſt as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who ſtarues the eares ſhe feedes, & makes them hungry, the more ſhe giues them ſpeech; where do you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger from the decke, you may diſcerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you theſe endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory, it would ſeeme like lies diſdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethree ſpeake, falſeneſſe cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as iuſtice, and thou ſeemſt a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleeue thee, and make my ſences credite thy relation, to points that ſeem impoſſible, for thou lookſt like one I loued indeed; what were thy friends? Didſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou cam'ſt from good diſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I thinke thou ſaidſt beene toſt from wrong to iniury, and that thou th griefes might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some ſuch thing I ſaid, and ſaid no more, b thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory, if thine conſidered prooue th part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I haue ſu gyrle, yet thou doſt look like patience, gazing on Ki and ſmiling extremity out of acte, what were thy fri loſt thou thy name, my moſt kinde virgin? recount I thee, Come ſit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by ſome inſenced hither to make the world to laugh me.

Mar. Patience good ſir, or heere ile ceaſe.

Per. Nay ile bee patient, thou little knowſt how ſtartle me to call thy ſelfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen me by one that had ſo my father and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You ſaid you would beleeue me, but not to ble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you fleſh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulſe, and are no Fairy?
Motion well ſpeake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore cald *Marina*?

Mar. Cald *Marina*, for I was borne at ſea.

Per. At ſea! who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the Daughter of a King, wh minute I was borne, as my good Nurſe *Lychorida* ha uered weeping.

Per. O ſtop there a little, this is the rareſt dreame
That ere dull ſleepe did mocke ſad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, wel, where were
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your ſtory, an terrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorne, beleeue me twere beſt I did giu